

**It's Gonna Take a
Lot to Take Me
Away From You**

MaximumAwkward

It's Gonna Take a Lot to Take Me Away From You by MaximumAwkward

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Summary:

The adventures of Richie and Eddie during their sophomore year of high school

1. In Technical Terms

Author's Note:

These are just some short stories originally posted on tumblr because I love teenage romance. The title is from Africa by Toto, you know why.

They had been doing whatever it was they were doing for five months now, and Eddie still didn't know what to call Richie, in technical terms, He had kind of assumed that at the end of freshman year when they had confessed having feelings for one another that things would be different. But they're not. Richie's still endearingly annoying, and sometimes regular annoying, they still mostly hangout with the rest of the Loser's Club, they were still Richie and Eddie, just with more making out. It was now October, nearly two months into their sophomore year, and they still hadn't had a conversation to define their relationship. Eddie didn't want to worry about it. Really. He just always worried about everything. He decided he needed to do something about it. Sort of.

"Hey Bev, can I ask you something?" He managed to get Beverly alone one day after school, Ben, Bill, and Stan had all gone to the library for a project, and Richie had gotten himself detention, again. So he and Bev had gone to the quarry alone.

"Of course, Eddie, what's up?" Beverly sounded concerned, which was probably a response to Eddie's own anxious voice.

"When you and Richie hang out- like alone, does he talk about me?"

"Uh, Yeah? Like constantly, He's always like Eddie this and Eddie that. It makes me want to kill him."

"Okay." Eddie's heart fluttered slightly. "When he says this stuff, how does he, like, refer to me?"

"By your name, Eddie, how else? " Bev looked very confused.

"Uh, I don't know... never mind... How'd you do on that math quiz?"

Thankfully Beverly launched into a rant about their math teacher's unfair grading practices.

So that didn't get him the answer he was looking for. He decided that maybe a more direct approach was necessary. That was surely easier said than done. But he could do this, it was only Richie, above all else they were best friends.

That Saturday, Eddie found himself sweating bullets on Richie's couch, repeating a mantra of "He's my best friend. It's fine." over and over again.

"Sup Eds? You seem tense." Richie returned with a bowl of popcorn and a slightly weathered VHS.

"Tense? I'm not tense! Don't call me Eds! What are we watching?"

"Die hard!"

"Oh, no, Rich, come on." Eddie groaned.

"Aw, but Eds it's gonna be a classic! I can feel it!"

"It's a mindless action movie!"

"So you won't miss anything if we make out through most of it." That shut Eddie up. He blushed slightly and muttered:

"Okay, fine." Richie responded with a thumbs up and put VHS in the player after placing the bowl of popcorn in Eddie's lap. When the movie had begun Richie threw himself on to the couch.

"C'mon spaghetti man, don't look so glum! This'll be fun!" Eddie rolled his eyes

"Don't fucking call me that."

They watched the beginning of the movie in relative silence, which means Eddie didn't say anything and Richie hardly shut up. Around the time people started getting shot on screen Richie gave an exaggerated yawn and draped his arm around Eddie's shoulders. Eddie tensed. Richie immediately retracted his arm and turned to face Eddie.

"Okay, something's wrong with you, what's going on?"

"I, uh, Richie, we need to talk."

"Okay..." uncharacteristic concern flashed through Richie's eyes.

"God this is so dumb, but like are we... what are we?" Eddie was having trouble looking Richie in the eyes.

"What does that mean? We're Eddie and Richie, a couple of losers." Richie smiled.

"I mean like... What is this?" Eddie was even more flustered.

"Weekly movie night? Eddie what's got you like this?"

"Ugh, am I- are we- are we dating?" Eddie was starting to feel panicky, it was out there now, what was he going to do if Richie said no?

"Eddie, of course we're dating! Aren't we? You think I make out with all of my friends?" Now Eddie felt like an idiot.

"Well, I don't know, we never like made anything official!"

"What? Should I give you my varsity jacket? Do you want me to

announce it over the PA system during morning announcements? Good morning Derry High! Today's lunch special is tuna surprise. Also Eddie Kaspbrak is my boyfriend."

"No! I just maybe would have liked to know that we were dating! I had to talk to Bev about this!"

"Oh my god. You know what? Okay. Eddie Kaspbrak, will you be my boyfriend?"

"Yes! See was that so hard?"

"Kiss me you idiot." Richie grabbed Eddie's shirt and pressed their mouths together, it was clumsy, because they were both smiling, but Eddie wouldn't have had it any other way.

2. Homecoming

Summary for the Chapter:

“Look, guys, it’s the principle of the thing. I want to take my boyfriend to homecoming. That should be allowed. But since our school administration is full of FASCISTS, we have to be sneaky about it.” Richie explained. “ But worry not, I have a plan.”

“Elementary my dear Watson!” Richie exclaimed.

“Oh great now the British guy is Sherlock Holmes? You know that’s not even a real quote right?” Eddie said, not bothering to hide the annoyance in his voice. “And it’s not elementary!” Eddie made air quotes with his fingers around the word elementary. “This is serious! How’re we gonna go to homecoming?”

“Don’t worry Eds! I have a genius plan!”

“Don’t call me Eds, what’s the plan?” Eddie was doubtful he would like this plan.

“I’ll tell you when I tell everyone else. We were supposed to be at the quarry twenty minutes ago.”

“What? Why are we standing here then? C’mon everyone’s gonna give us so much shit!”

“Don’t worry about it Eds, I’ll just tell them we were having sex!”

“Richie!”

When the pair arrived at the quarry, everyone was sitting in a circle, seemingly waiting for the last two Losers to arrive.

“Hey! What took you guys so long? We’ve been waiting forever!” Stan yelled from his perch on a boulder.

“We were fu-“

“Beep Beep Richie! Sorry but there’s no time to explain, we have a crisis on our hands!”

“Eddie, stop being so dramatic! It’s just a stupid dance! You’ll hate it anyway. You did last year.” Beverly groaned putting out her cigarette.

“Okay, but—that was—that was because Richie took Abigail Miller to make Eddie jealous and-and-and Eddie... spent the entire night glaring at him,” Bill pointed out.

“Look, guys, it’s the principle of the thing. I want to take my

boyfriend to homecoming. That should be allowed. But since our school administration is full of FASCISTS, we have to be sneaky about it." Richie explained. " But worry not, I have a plan."

"Yeah? Alright, hotshot. Go for it." Mike sounded as doubtful as Eddie felt.

"Okay, so, according to Mr. Prick-erson—"

"I thought his name was Pickerson?" Ben interrupted.

"It is, I was making a joke haystack." Richie sighed.

"Oh, gotcha."

"Anyway Pickerson says if Eddie and I wanna dance with people at homecoming it'll have to be with girls. Right? So, here's the deal: Eddie stays home, and I take Eddie's cousin Edie to the dance."

"Uh, Richie, not to point out the obvious here, but Eddie doesn't have a cousin Edie..." Bev said.

"Right, not really. But, we dress Eddie like a girl, and no one will ever know!" Richie looked horribly proud of himself.

"What the fuck Richie?! That's the worst plan I've ever heard! I don't look like a girl!" Eddie was livid.

"Right, of course not, spaghetti man, but with some help from Beverly and some makeup..."

"NO!" the rest of the Losers cried at once.

"C'mon it'd work in a movie!"

"Richie, this isn't a movie. And I'm not wearing a dress!" Eddie put his foot down metaphorically and physically.

"Well, damn, that's all I've got." The kids all groaned.

"I think Pickerson's ff—full of shit; what can they do to you? It's a pub... pub, public school," Bill reasoned.

"Right, yeah." Stan agreed. "If we all go together as a group, there aren't rules against that! And they can't stop you from dancing, this isn't Footloose." Richie conceded that Stan and Bill might have the right idea, and it would save a lot of trouble.

On the night of the dance, they all biked over to the school. As they rode up they could hear the thumping of music and see flashing lights. Richie and Eddie were nervous. They absentmindedly reached for each other's hands as they walked up the stairs into the school gym. The dance's theme was the ever creative "Starry night," so everything was just covered in cardboard and glitter stars. The Losers were ready to dance, so they immediately leaped onto the dance floor. Most of it was really just flailing and jumping up and down. Occasionally, Richie and Bev would pull out a swing dance routine

they knew. Until about halfway through, the music slowed down and next thing Eddie knew he was being led onto the dance floor by his boyfriend who was lip-syncing along with Boyz II Men. Because of course, he was. Eddie rolled his eyes but smiled despite himself. He put his arms around Richie's neck, while Richie's hands settled on his hips. They swayed slowly and softly smiled at one another. This tender moment was interrupted by a slightly distant shout of "Tozier! Kaspbrak! What do you think you're doing?!" Fuck, they'd been spotted by Vice Principal Pickerson. The boys ignored him and continued to dance, hoping he wouldn't want to cause a scene. No such luck. He stormed over to them. "I said, what do you boys think you're doing?" he was yelling very close to Richie's face.

"Well, Mr. Pickerson, sir, we're dancing. This is a school dance." Richie said calmly.

"Oh yeah, smart-ass? You boys are behaving inappropriately, so either you stop this or you leave." Eddie's stomach dropped.

"Sir, we have as much of a right as anyone to dance. You can't stop us." Eddie said, in the steadiest voice he could manage.

"That's where you're wrong, Kaspbrak. Inappropriate conduct will get you removed from this vicinity."

"Oh yeah? Well go ahead and remove us then!" Richie shouted.

After a small altercation with the school security, Richie and Eddie sat on the steps outside the gym, not really wanting to leave and not able to stay.

"Ugh, that's so fucked up! How can they violate our rights like this!"

"Richie, dancing at a school dance isn't a right. There's no law on our side here." Eddie was very close to crying.

"In that case, the law is bullshit!" Richie was crying. They sat there and held each other for God knows how long. Eventually, Richie felt a tap on his shoulder. It was Beverly. The boys on the ground looked up at her and blinked tears out of their eyes.

"C'mon guys, follow me. I've got something to show you." Bev took Richie's hand and helped him off of the ground. Richie did the same for Eddie and the trio left the school on their bikes. Bev pulled out ahead with Eddie and Richie following along, totally clueless as to where they were going. After a while, however, it was clear they were going to the quarry. Eddie didn't really know why they were doing that, but it was better than trying to sneak back into his house or continuing to see Richie cry, which was the alternatives. Sure enough, they arrived in the quarry. Bev made them cover their eyes,

and led them toward the shore.

“Ben! Hit the music!” Bev whisper yelled and what sounded like Etta James crackled to life, filling the clearing with slow, sweet, music. “Okay! Open your eyes!” What Eddie and Richie saw made them want to start crying again. Their friends had set up a dance of their own, it was simple, just some candles and Ben’s mom’s record player but it was perfect given the circumstances. The pair sat in stunned silence for a minute.

“Oh dear Beverly, may I have this dance?” Ben waltzed over.

“Sure Ben.” They walked further into the clearing and then began to sway slowly. “What’s up with the oldies though?”

“It was what I could find. My mom likes oldies.”

The rest of the Losers stood there awkwardly. Eddie and Richie were still stunned, Stan and Bill were pointedly not looking at each other as if daring the other to ask for a dance. Finally, Richie spoke up.

“So what do ya say, Eddie? Take two?” He stretched out his slightly shaky hand.

“Yeah, of course, Richie, take two.” He took Richie’s hand, and soon found himself swept up in his arms. The Losers club danced until they could barely stand anymore.

3. Baseball

Summary for the Chapter:

“He’s got biceps! Who said he could have biceps?!”
He squawked after a particularly powerful hit by Eddie. “The laws of physics, Richie, and Baseball!”
Ben yelled in response. “Yeah?! Well, Fuck physics, fuck baseball, and fuck Eddie Kaspbrack!”

Richie was at the high school baseball game. Why you may ask, was Richie “Too Cool for School” Tozier at a high school baseball game? He himself didn’t know.

“Bev, what the fuck are we doing at a baseball game?” Richie whined. He wanted a cigarette, even though he’d been trying to quit, the urge still ate at him when boredom set in, like at a stupid high school baseball game, that hadn’t even started yet.

“You’ll see okay, just wait ‘till you see who’s on the team,” Bev said, she sounded excited, like ready to burst into giggles at any moment excited. That was odd to Richie, even though he supposed he should know who was on the varsity baseball team, after all, he was a sophomore, he couldn’t think of anyone Bev would want to see. He sipped his coke and thought about it. He supposed it could have been Stan, he was on one of the baseball teams, but Beverly wouldn’t have been all secretive about Stan playing baseball, Richie knew he played baseball. Who the hell was even on this team? He tried sneaking a peek into the dugout but he couldn’t make out anyone’s faces. He really needed a new prescription. He leaned over Bev to where Ben and Bill were sitting.

“You guys know what’s got Bev all excited? Other than my presence of course.”

“Beep beep Richie. You’ll find out soon.” Ben said. Unhelpful as ever. Richie briefly wondered where Eddie was.

The game started with the home team in the outfield. The announcer began to speak. Richie wasn’t really paying attention until he heard:

“And the starting pitcher for your home team tonight is number nineteen, Sophomore Eddie Kaspbrack.” Richie spat out his coke. All over the girls in the row below him. They screamed and he gave a half-hearted apology.

“Bev! Did I just hear him right? Did he really just say that Eddie’s a pitcher?” Richie was possibly screaming now.

“Yeah dummy! Can’t you see him?” Richie looked. Sure enough, there was Eddie, winding up a pitch, for the high school varsity baseball team.

“Why didn’t anybody tell me? How long has he been on the team?” Richie couldn’t believe this.

“He joined last year, same as Stan. They signed up for the freshman team together, and as it turned out they were really fucking good, so they’re both playing on varsity this year. Eddie didn’t want to tell you in case they sucked.” Richie watched the game in stunned silence. They did not suck. Well, actually, Richie wouldn’t have been able to tell you if the team sucked. He didn’t even really know what inning they were on. Baseball itself, boring, Eddie in baseball pants, not boring. His distraction did not keep him from talking, however.

“He’s got biceps! Who said he could have biceps?!” He squawked after a particularly powerful hit by Eddie.

“The laws of physics, Richie, and Baseball!” Ben yelled in response.

“Yeah?! Well, Fuck physics, fuck baseball, and fuck Eddie Kaspbrack!”

“I’m s-s-sure you’re try-trying,” Bill muttered. Richie turned red and shut up while the others laughed at him.

After the game, which Richie is pretty sure they won because everyone seemed happy, they met up with Stan and Eddie. Eddie was sweaty and dirty. He had dust smeared across one cheek, and his bangs were stuck to his forehead under his hat. He locked eyes with Richie and blushed.

“So, I, uh, guess the cat’s out of the bag huh?” Eddie said bashfully, dragging his foot in the dirt. About the time Richie reached where Eddie was standing, he remembered that Eddie had lied to him. For a year.

“Why didn’t you tell me asshole?!” He punched Eddie lightly in the arm.

“I didn’t tell anyone! I didn’t want my mom to find out!”

“You didn’t think I could keep a secret?”

“Richie, your mouth is bigger than the state of Maine.”

“Hell yeah it is baby- wait.”

“I didn’t want anyone to know until I could prove I could play. Who was gonna accept the asthmatic queer being on the team without serious proof?” Richie’s resolve immediately crumbled at Eddie’s

tone. He quickly grabbed Eddie in his arms.

"You were great out there Eds. I'm glad I got to see it." They smiled at each other.

"Yeah? Hey Richie, how many runs did he have?" Stan asked from somewhere behind the pair.

"Uh... 7?" The rest of the losers immediately began to laugh at him. Eddie was giving him an unamused look.

"I can't believe you."

"What? Aw come on Eds, babe, there were more important things for me to be focused on. Like you in these pants for example." Richie punctuated his sentence by slipping his hand into Eddie's back pocket.

"Beep beep Richie!" Eddie blushed furiously and shoved Richie away, but he was smiling.

"Aw, come on. I'm just proud of you is all. My boyfriend, the baseball star!"

"Alright lover boy, we're all going down to the diner to get milkshakes, you coming?" Bev laughed. They all piled into Richie and Bill's cars and drove to their favorite diner and managed to snag the largest corner booth. Richie found himself between Eddie and Beverly.

"I was serious about being proud of you, you know." He whispered to Eddie while the rest of the losers discussed whether or not they wanted to see a movie that weekend.

"Thanks, Richie, that really means a lot. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I wasn't going to, but I realized now that the team is winning, my name's gonna end up in the paper eventually." Eddie whispered back.

"Shit Eds, what're you going to tell your mom?"

"I'm gonna tell her she can't stop me. And that it'll be really good for getting into college. She cares about that kind of thing. Plus, I've already warned the coach, and he said he'll do what it takes to keep me on the team."

"That's fantastic Eddie spaghetti! You've got it all figured out!" Richie squeezed Eddie's shoulders. "So, you're gonna let me wear your varsity jacket on game days right?"

"Richie! That's such a bad idea! People will talk! And it wouldn't even fit you! You're at least a size larger than me!"

But come playoffs, there was Richie Tozier in the first row of the bleachers, in a letterman jacket with Kaspbrack written on the back. Which absolutely did not make Eddie's heart flutter, and if he

ordered the jacket a size larger than his actual size, well “It was a clerical error, coach Jefferson, I swear!”

4. Candy Wrapper

Summary for the Chapter:

“I’m not going to tell Richie that I love him because you think a candy wrapper told me to!” He was going to tell Richie he loved him because Beverly Marsh and candy wrapper told him to.

Eddie stared down at the candy wrapper in his hands. He had smoothed out the wrinkles so that the message could clearly be read there.

“Do something that scares you.”

“Come on Eddie, you promised. What’s something you can do that scares you?” Beverly said. They were alone in Eddie’s room, Eddie’s mom had gone to do errands, as she did every Friday afternoon and wouldn’t be back for a few hours if her previous habits held true. They had started out doing what they always did, bitching and eating junk food. It was very therapeutic. Today’s topics had ranged from rumors to homework assignments, even to their boyfriends. They both regretted that last one a bit, but one of the bonuses about these afternoons they spent together was that nothing left the room. They also didn’t offer advice, unless the other explicitly asked for it. Something the rest of the losers didn’t quite understand that when Bev and Eddie were complaining about something, they often didn’t need advice or even a response. Stan and Mike liked to give logical thought out plans, Ben and Bill liked to offer to fix things, and Richie, he cracked jokes and sometimes offered to beat people up. None of them had any grasp on the concept of venting. Hence why Bev and Eddie were sitting on Eddie’s bedroom floor, eating chocolate and lamenting about various things in their lives. After the very incriminating conversation about Ben and Richie though, they were kind done with complaining, but Bev didn’t want to go home, and Eddie hated being alone in his house, so Beverly came up with a new game. The chocolate they were eating had messages on the foil wrappers. These messages were usually pieces of advice or personal affirmations. They would both pick one from the bag and whatever the advice on the wrapper was, they had to follow through with by the end of the week. Beverly, because she’s the luckiest person alive

got one that said, "Get a good night's sleep." While she cackled about how her game had backfired, Eddie unwrapped his, and that message that would change everything was revealed to him.

"I don't know Bev, I've done a lot of things that have scared me. I can think of a couple of incidents with a killer clown, for one thing, then there's also, raising my hand in AP world history, trying out for the baseball team, asking Richie Tozier if he was my boyfriend, getting forcibly removed from the homecoming dance, AFTER mouthing off to the vice principal. There aren't a lot of things that don't scare me, Bev." Eddie said.

"I can think of one, we were just talking about it, around ten minutes ago."

"Oh, no, Bev, I can't you know I can't."

"You can and you will! A deal's a deal! You've got to tell Richie you love him!"

"I'm not going to tell Richie that I love him because you think a candy wrapper told me to!"

He was going to tell Richie he loved him because Beverly Marsh and candy wrapper told him to.

His largest problem was, of course, he had no idea how to do it. In the movies that he and Ben liked to watch during their monthly "we both really like romance and if you tell anyone I'll kill you" movie nights, declarations of love were Big Deals. They involved planning, grand gestures, exactly the right moment. Eddie couldn't exactly confess after the big school dance, they were too young to go to prom, or run through an airport screaming, or even stand under Richie's window with a boombox, he couldn't really lift a boom box, nor did he have one. He was kind of stumped. It's not like he could even ask any of his friends for help, he was in uncharted territory. On top of that, he had a schedule to keep, if he didn't complete this task by the following Friday, there would be consequences.

The whole next day he was worried about it. He didn't want to say it at the wrong time or in the wrong way, and he definitely didn't want to have to say it more than once. It couldn't be a grand gesture, for one, someone might see it, for another, if he went to all out he might scare Richie. Oh god, what if it was too soon. What if he said it and Richie bailed because it was too much. He felt completely screwed.

"Hey Mrs. Hanscom, is Ben there?" Eddie sat on his bedroom floor and spoke quietly into the phone. He didn't want his mother to overhear him.

"Sure Eddie, I'll get him." Mrs. Hanscom called across the house for her son.

"Hey, Eddie, what's up?" Ben answered the phone casually.

"I need help haystack. I made a deal with Bev, that I would tell Richie I loved him by Friday. I don't know what to do." Eddie said in a rush.

"Okay, Eddie, take a breath there little dude. You do love Richie, don't you?"

"Yeah?"

"And you're seeing him tonight right?"

"Right?"

"So there you go, it doesn't have to be a big deal, just find a moment." Find a moment, okay find a moment. He can absolutely do that.

Later that evening, Richie and Eddie were curled up on Richie's couch. Richie was laid out with his head on Eddie's chest. They were going to watch a movie but neither of them was really in the mood. Richie was more interested in kissing Eddie, and Eddie was preoccupied with trying to find the right time to tell Richie he loved him. They were just sort of lying there, not talking, not kissing, just sitting there, when Eddie blurted out:

"I love you." Shit! That was the exact opposite of what he wanted to do! Shit!

"Uh, I have to go." Richie jumped off the couch and bolted towards the door.

"Richie! Wait!" but Richie was already gone. "We're in... your house..."

Eddie did the only thing he could think to do. He went home and cried. He turned off all of the lights and covered himself in as many blankets as he could find and cried. When he had been crying for what felt like hours, and his eyes were scratchy and his breath was coming out in hiccups. He removed himself from his blanket den and took a deep breath, then another one and another one. While he was breathing, he heard a bang on his window. He quickly dried his eyes and went to investigate. Richie was standing beneath Eddie's window. Behind him, the sidewalk read "I love you too!" in chalk. Eddie began to cry again.

"Oh Fuck! Eds! Don't cry! Shit! Can I come up?" Eddie nodded, still crying, and opened the window. Richie climbed up the side of the house with practiced ease and soon found himself in Eddie's room

with his arms around a crying Eddie.

“Oh, Eds, I’m so sorry I freaked out, there’s just not a lot of people running around saying they love me. I don’t even remember the last time I heard it from my parents. So, yeah, hearing you say you love me was scary. But, I love you, of course, I love you.” Richie whispered into Eddie’s hair. Eddie pulled away and quickly dried his eyes once more.

“Richie, this is definitely in the top five most romantic things you’ve ever done and I absolutely forgive you, and I love you. But how are you gonna get rid of the writing on the sidewalk?”

“Don’t worry about it babe, the sprinklers will take care of it. If you’ve forgiven me, does that mean I can stay the night?” Eddie just nodded and buried his face into Richie’s shoulder.

5. Angels We Have Heard on High

Summary for the Chapter:

Sonia Kaspbrak's worst fears had finally come true, Edward Kaspbrak was shirtless and high on the floor of his boyfriend's bedroom.

Angels We Have Heard on High

Sonia Kaspbrak's worst fears had finally come true, Edward Kaspbrak was shirtless and high on the floor of his boyfriend's bedroom. It was definitely not how Eddie had expected his day to end. He had started his day doing homework at his desk when all of a sudden a screaming Richie burst through the door.

"Eddie holy fuck!" He yelled running towards Eddie's desk.

"What Richie? Where's the fire? And if there isn't a fire, can't you see I'm busy?" Eddie replied, trying to mask the joy in his voice with annoyance.

"Eds, are you doing homework? It's fucking June!"

"Yeah, I am. I've got like three summer assignments that I'd rather not put off. Don't call me Eds!"

"Oh my god you're such a nerd! I've got a much better idea."

"What Richie?" Richie pulled out a plastic bag in response.

"Richie! Are those joints? Oh my god is that weed?!" Eddie whisper yelled

"Certified OG Kush baby! "

" If my mom sees that she'll kill you! And then me!"

"Calm down, that's why we're gonna go smoke it in my house."

"We? You're crazy if you think I'm touching that stuff."

"But Eddie! It'll be fun! And what's the worst that can happen? You're already gay."

"Yeah, but we could die Richie!"

"Babe, don't be so overdramatic! My cousin smokes all the time, he's who I got the weed from, he reports no problems."

"Okay, fine, let's just get it out of my house. Please?" Richie shoved the bag back into his pocket and grabbed Eddie's hand. They drove to Richie's house in Richie's car.

They settled in on the floor of Richie's bedroom.

"You sure you're okay with this Eds? You don't have to if you don't

want to.” Richie said with a serious look in his eye.

“No, I-I think I want to,” Eddie responded.

“Okay sweet! I’ll grab a lighter.” While Richie searched for a lighter. Eddie took off his shirt.

“Alright, I’ve got one right here...” Richie turned around. “Uh, Eds? Why did you take off your shirt? Not that I’m complaining of course, but that’s kind of unlike you.”

“The smoke will permeate the fabric of what we’re wearing, if I want to avoid getting caught, my mom can’t smell it if she hugs me or whatever.”

“Wow, look at you Eds, using that nerd brain of yours for good instead of boring.”

“Whatever asshole, don’t call me Eds! Are we doing this or what?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. Do you wanna go first? Or should I?”

“You go first, I’m gonna open the window.” So Richie lit a joint and took a drag while Eddie opened a window. Richie exhaled and began to cough.

“Is that normal are you okay?” Eddie asked, anxiety apparent in his voice.

“Yeah,” Richie coughed again. “I think it’s normal... Whoa...” Richie sat down, the drugs were already starting to take effect. “Babe, you gotta try this.”

“Alright...” Eddie sat next to Richie and took the joint from him. He was anxious, but also a little excited. He put the joint between his lips and inhaled. The burning in his throat was immediate and he coughed on the exhale. Seconds later, his entire body felt heavy, like he was falling asleep. He passed the joint back to Richie, and they took turns smoking it for several minutes. Eddie couldn’t remember the last time he was this relaxed. Honestly, he’d probably never been this relaxed. They lay on the floor for a while. Eddie was petting Richie’s hair lazily when Richie suddenly sat up.

“Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, baby, angel, come here I got an idea.”

“God, how are you needier high? What?”

“Ever heard of shotgunning?”

“Uh...no?”

“Okay just... come here” Richie maneuvered Eddie so that Eddie was in his lap, with his legs bracketing Richie’s. Richie took a drag of the joint and held the smoke in his mouth, he grabbed Eddie and moved him so their faces were almost touching, then he breathed the smoke into Eddie’s slightly parted mouth. Then he closed the gap so they

were kissing, the taste of smoke still lingering on their lips. It probably in the top ten greatest moments of Eddie's entire life. They made out in that position for a while. With Richie's hands on Eddie's hips and Eddie's fingers tangled in Richie's hair. Eventually, Richie pulled away in order to speak.

"Oh, Eds I was wrong, I was so wrong, you're not an angel, no you're like a whole team of angels crammed into one tiny, beautiful, sexy, person.

"Oh my god, you are so high right now," Eddie said, blushing. He tried to get up, but Richie pulled him back down to the floor so they were spooning. Richie began to bite and suck at Eddie's neck.

"Nng, Richie...stop..." Eddie pushed weakly at Richie's face.

"But, Eds, you just taste so good."

"Don't call me Eds. You are so gonna regret this when the weed wears off."

"No 'm not. love you all the time."

"Yeah, okay, did you put out the joint so you don't burn down your house?" Richie nodded and gestured to the ashtray on his floor.

They were both silent for a while. Eddie was beginning to fall asleep, which he didn't want to do on the floor. He rolled over so he was facing Richie.

"Hey, Richie? Can we move this to your bed?" He asked quietly.

"Why, Edward, are you propositioning me?"

"No, Richie, I just don't want to fall asleep on your floor."

"Of course, angel." Eddie began to blush at the nickname. Moving off of the floor would prove to be very difficult in their state. But eventually with a tremendous amount of effort they found themselves in Richie's bed. They returned to their original spooning position and soon fell asleep in each other's arms.